

**CAPTAIN MORRIS's**

**S O N G S,**

**COMPLETE.**

---

**[ Price Two Shillings. ]**

Harding C 2097

*This Day are published,*  
For J. RINGWAY, opposite Sackville-Street, Piccadilly,  
In Two neat Pocket Volumes, Price 5s. sewed,

M E M O I R S  
O F

A well-known Woman of Intrigue.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

\* \* The Ladies, Noblemen, and Gentlemen,  
who accompany the Author in the above  
MEMOIRS, are all Living Characters, ex-  
cept the late Lord Littleton.

[ *Entered at Stationers' Hall.* ]

A  
Complete Collection  
OF  
SONGS,  
BY  
CAPTAIN MORRIS.

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THE FIFTH EDITION,  
CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

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L O N D O N:  
Printed for JAMES RIDGWAY, opposite  
Sackville-Street, Piccadilly.

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MDCCLXXXVII.







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S O N G S,

B Y

CAPTAIN MORRIS.

---

Part the First.

---

Numb. I.

THE TREATY OF COMMERCE.

I.

**T**ROTH, Mister John Bull, you're a pretty  
milch cow !

Oh, what do you think of us Volunteers now ?

Sure I told you, the work we kick'd up in the state,  
Before it was finish'd, would all be complete !

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

B

Troth,

II.

Troth, I told you last year (if you call it to mind)  
What we left you before we would not lave behind.  
And wasn't I right now ? by hook or by crook;  
For all that we left you is all that we took !

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me !

III.

But 'twas deadly good-natur'd in you, to lay down,  
With the wrongs of our trade, all the rights of your  
own !

'Twas a mighty home stroke of magnanimous pride  
To break your own backs for the thorn in our side !

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me !

Oh,

IV.

Oh, like fools, we despair'd that our terms would  
go down !

Or such sharp propositions be sweet to the Crown.  
Then how pleasing to find your proud stomachs to  
fall !

When we'd thrown 'em up first, that you swallow'd  
them all !

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me !

V.

Sure, I hard Master Orde now relate, in his place,  
All your bountiful gifts of superfluous grace.  
Jasus ! how we all star'd while he empty'd his  
sconce !

To find such a big bag of blessings at once !

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me !



VI.

Oh, the brave British subject ! his looks were so  
sweet,

When he laid down your case and your trade at  
our feet !

And the comments he made too, the wise little elf,  
To shew us that Britain's no friend to herself !

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

VII.

Troth, it plais'd him, he said (could a Briton say  
more ?)

That the trade of your country would shift to our  
shore ;

And that England's disasters had sunk her so low,  
The good tidings he brought us would finish the  
blow !

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

Then

VIII.

Then he said, 'twas contriv'd too by part of the  
 gift,  
 That without Irish linens ye can't make a shift.  
 Troth now, ladies, and that's a good *measure* for you,  
 When the linen comes over, the *yard* will come too!

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
 Ballinamona Ora,  
 Ballinamona Ora,  
 The Treaty of Commerce for me!

IX.

Now we took it most kind, that your Ruler of State  
 (Who, they say, has no PARTS but the *parts in his*  
*pate*)  
 Should for *female commodities* open a door,  
 And let freely the *great Irish Staple* come o'er!

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
 Ballinamona Ora,  
 Ballinamona Ora,  
 The Treaty of Commerce for me!

'Twould

X.

'Twould have bother'd my head now, the words

PITT let fall,

*When you gave us so much, you gave nothing at all!*

But in Dublin I hard this interpreter swear,

That *nothing* in England means *every thing* there!

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

XI.

But your minister says now, "We've got all we can :

"The two States must be join'd on a permanent

"plan."

By my shout, he's a joiner of notable craft,

Who loosens all ties now—to bind us more fast!

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

And



XII.

And he says when all duties and drawbacks are paid,  
That the Navy will want what we make in our  
trade.

Troth, she will want it all. Now he's right on that  
score :

And she'll want it, God help her, for ever, and more.

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me !

XIII.

If you wish now to know how our cards we have  
play'd,

Why we took up our clubs, and we threw down  
our spade ;

So ye dealt us all trumps now for that very thing :  
And so Pam became civil as well as the King.

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me !

Numb.

Numb. II.

BILLY'S TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE US.

I.

IF life's a rough journey, as moralists tell,  
 Englishmen fure make the best on't.  
 On this spot of the earth they bade Liberty dwell,  
 Whilst Slavery holds all the rest on't.  
 They thought, the best solace for labour and care  
 Was a state independent and free, Sir :  
 And this thought, tho' a curse that no tyrant can  
 bear,  
 Is the blessing of you and of me, Sir.

Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

The

II.

The car of Britannia, we all must allow,  
 Is ready to crack with its load, Sir :  
 And, wanting the hand of Experience, will now  
 Most surely break down on the road, Sir !  
 Then must we, poor passengers, quietly wait  
 To be crush'd by this mischievous Spark, Sir,  
 Who drives a damn'd job in the Carriage of State,  
 And *got up like a thief in the dark*, Sir ?

Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

III.

They say that his judgment is mellow and pure,  
 And his principles Virtue's own type, Sir :  
 I believe, from my soul, he's a son of a w——re,  
 And his judgment more rotten than ripe, Sir.



For all that he boasts of, what is it, in truth,  
 But that mad with ambition and pride, Sir,  
 H<sup>h</sup>as the vices of age for the follies of youth,  
 And a damn'd deal of cunning beside, Sir.

Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel;  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

IV.

The 'Squires, whose reason ne'er reaches a span,  
 Are all with this prodigy struck, Sir,  
 And cry, "'Tis a crime not to vote for a man  
 "Who's as chaste as a baby at fuck, Sir!"  
 But pray, let me ask, had his *virtue* prevail'd,  
 What soul would to Heaven come near, Sir?  
 Not one; for the whole *generation* had fail'd,  
 And God's creatures had never been here, Sir.

Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

It's

V.

It's true, h'has a pretty good gift of the gab,  
 And was taught by his dad on a stool, Sir ;  
 But tho' at a speech he's a bit of a dab,  
 In the state he's a bit of a tool, Sir.  
 For Billy's pure love for his country was such,  
 He agreed to become the cat's paw, Sir !  
 And sits at the helm, while it's turn'd by the touch  
 Of a reprobate fiend of the law, Sir !

Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

VI.

Tho' reason united a N—h and a F—x,  
 The world of this junction complain, Sir :  
 But what's that to his, who join'd with a pox  
 To the cabinet pimp of the Thane, Sir !

Who fold to a high-flying Jacobite gang  
 The credit of Chatham's great name, Sir !  
 That pleas'd, we might hear the Young Puppet  
 harangue,  
 While J—nk—f—n plays the old game, Sir !  
 Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

VII.

They say, his *fine parts* are a mighty good prop  
 To push up Britannia's affairs, Sir !  
 But, we all of us know, tho' he stand at her top,  
 Her *bottom* will die in despair, Sir !  
 Then with Freemen, who on a *fair bottom* would  
 tread,  
 Here's a toast that, I'm sure, must prevail, Sir :  
*Britannia ! and May he ne'er stand at her Head*  
*Who never can STAND at her TAIL*, Sir !  
 Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel ;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

Numb.



Numb. III.

B I L L Y   P I T T

A N D

T H E   F A R M E R .

I.

**S**IT down neighbours all,  
And I'll tell a merry story  
About a British Farmer  
And BILLY P—TT, the Tory.  
I had it piping hot  
From Ebenezer Barber,  
Who sail'd right from England,  
And lies in Boston harbour.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
Bow wow wow.

This

II.

This Billy he is call'd  
 Britannia's Prime Ruler,  
 Tho' he be but a Puppet  
 That's hung out to fool her !  
 His name is a passport  
 To get in old finners ;  
 So he deals the cards, that  
 The Knaves may be winners !

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

III.

He was bred up a Whig,  
 But with Nabobs to thrive, Sir ;  
 Who have votes in the House,  
 About two out of five, Sir,  
 He gave up the people,  
 And vow'd, to his scandal,  
 They shou'd seek for their bread  
 Without daylight or candle !

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

Now

IV.

Now it hap'd, to the country  
He went for a blessing,  
And from his State-Dad  
To get a new lesson.  
He went to Daddy Jenky,  
By Trimmer Hal attended.  
In such company, good 'lack !  
How his morals must be mended !

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
Bow wow wow.

V.

This Harry was always  
A staunch friend to Boston;  
His bowels are soft,  
For they yearn'd for Indostan.  
If I had him in our township,  
I'd feather him and tar him ;  
With forty lacking one too,  
I'd lam him and I'd scar him.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
Bow wow wow.

With



VI.

With his skin full of wine, and  
His head full of state-tricks,  
Sham reforms, commutations,  
And the rest of his late tricks,  
He came back with Harry,  
Two birds of a feather ;  
And, both drunk as pipers,  
They knock'd their heads together.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
Bow wow wow.

VII.

Now so it fell out, that  
This pair were benighted,  
And drove out of the road ;  
So the statesmen alighted :  
And to get in again  
Away scrambl'd they, Sir,  
To find the back road  
Unto the King's highway, Sir.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
Bow wow wow.

Long

VIII.

Long lost in the dark were  
 These *lights* of the nation;  
 But stumbl'd at last  
 To a small habitation;  
 To which they march'd up;  
 While the fowls, in confusion,  
 Thought their lives were aim'd at  
 By this bold intrusion!

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

IX.

The dogs bark'd, ducks quack'd,  
 And fore Billy baited;  
 The wife she cry'd out,  
 " We be all ruinated!"  
 Then straightway she snatch'd up  
 The vessel she piss'd in,  
 To pour on the head of  
 This *darkling* Philistine.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

D

The

X.

The husband awak'd, by  
 Her rage and her screaming,  
 And shrewdly supposing  
 His wife might be dreaming;  
 To make matters short,  
 Snatch'd his gun, in a fury,  
 And cry'd, " Sons of Belial !  
 " I've got what will cure ye."

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

XI.

Then Billy began for  
 To make an oration,  
 As oft he had done  
 To bamboozle the nation;  
 But Hodge cry'd, " Begone, or  
 " I'll crack thy young crown for't :  
 " Thou belong'ft to a rare gang  
 " Of rogues, I'll be bound for't."

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

" Now



XII.

- ‘ Now Hodge,’ quoth the wife,  
 ‘ Don’t you mind his loud bant’ring,  
 ‘ For certain he has under  
 ‘ His coat a dark lanthorn ;  
 ‘ Shut the gate of the court ;  
 ‘ If he once gets within it,  
 ‘ He’ll whip up the *back stairs*,  
 ‘ I’ll be bound, in a minute.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

XIII.

- Then the wife she went on :  
 ‘ Can you go for to fay now  
 ‘ Any good upon earth made thee  
 ‘ Take this bye-way now ?  
 ‘ Thou cam’st to get foot in  
 ‘ The house ; that’s the plan on’t ;  
 ‘ And so let in thy gang,  
 ‘ For to make what they can on’t.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

XIV.

- ' Don't you hear how the brazen-fac'd
- ' Rogue now pretends, man ?
- ' He crept up in the dark
- ' But for virtuous ends, man !
- ' He says he's our friend !
- ' But its no such a thing, man.
- ' The impudent dog would
- ' Say so to the King, man !'

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
Bow wow wow.

XV.

Then Billy perceiving  
    The wife in a fury,  
And knowing his deeds would  
    Not stand woman's jury,  
Felt the spirit of Jenky  
    A dangerous potion ;  
And roar'd out to Harry  
    To speak for the motion.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
Bow wow wow.

Then

XVI.

Then Harry stept up :  
 But Hodge shrewdly supposing  
 His part was to steal,  
 Whilst the other was posing,  
 Let fly at poor Billy,  
 And shot thro' his lac'd coat.  
 Oh, what a pity 'twas  
 It did not hit his waistcoat !

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

XVII.

Solid men of Boston  
 Make no long orations ;  
 Solid men of Boston  
 Banish strong potations ;  
 Solid men of Boston  
 Go to bed at sun-down,  
 And never lose your way,  
 Like the loggerheads of London.

Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

Numb.



Numb. IV.

THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS.

I.

**T**H O' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing  
bowl,

And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight,  
Such worship, alas ! hath no charms for the soul,  
When softer devotions the senses invite.

II.

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,  
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow ;  
But to Fancy, that feeds on the charms of the Fair,  
The death of Reflection's the birth of all Woe !

III.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,  
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone ?  
For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine  
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.  
The

IV.

The tender excess that enamours the heart  
 To few is imparted; to millions deny'd:  
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart  
 And fools jest at that for which Sages have dy'd.

V.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my  
 doom;  
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife:  
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gleam,  
 But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens our  
 life.

VI.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight  
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul!  
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,  
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl!

VII.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,  
 Nor e'er, jolly God! from thy banquet remove;  
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine  
 That's mellow'd by Friendship, and sweeten'd by  
 Love.

Numb.

Numb. V.

ADDRESSED TO LADY \*\*\*\*;

WHO ASKED CAPTAIN MORRIS  
WHAT THE PASSION OF LOVE WAS?

I.

**Y**OU ask me, *What's Love?*—Why, that virtue-  
fed vapour,

Which poets spread over our longings, like gauze,  
May do for a swain who can feed upon paper;  
But flesh is my diet, and blood is the cause.

II.

A delicate *tendre*, spun into Platonic,  
Suits the feminine fop, — whom no beauties  
provoke;  
But the blood of a Welchman is hot and laconic,  
And he loves as he fights, with a word and a *stroke*.

Yet,



III.

Yet, I grant you, there is a sweet madness of  
passion,

A raptur'd delirium of mental delight;

Tho', alas! my dear Madam, not five in the nation  
Whose souls have an optic to view the blest  
light.

IV.

But we speak not of minds of distinguish'd selection,

But Love, *common love*, in its earthly attire,

Which, believe me, when dress'd in this high-flown  
affection,

Wears the thread-bare disguise of a bankrupt  
desire.

V.

For the bosom's deceit, like the spendthrift's  
profusion,

As the substance declines rich appearances tries;

More gay as more weak, till this splendid delusion  
In a pang of bright vanity dazzles and dies.

E

Ah!

VI.

Ah! if in a strain of pure sentiment flowing,  
 No animal warmth checks the eloquent tongue:  
 'Tis the trick of a coxcomb to boast your undoing;  
 And pride, taste, or impotence, prompts the foul  
 wrong!

VII.

For Love, in a tumult of soft agitation,  
 O'ercome with its ardor, bids language retire;  
 And, lost in emotions of troubl'd sensation,  
 Still breathes the soft accent of silent desire.

VIII.

Yes, the God's on the wing when a delicate damon  
 In sickly composure sits down to refine;  
 For Love, like a hectic, when weakly the *flamen*,  
 Still brightens the skin as the solids decline.

IX.

If such be the Love you propose in the question,  
 No doubt it's a phantom, dress'd up by the mind;  
 And, believe me, it is not a substance to rest on,  
 But the fraud of cold bosoms and Vanity's blind.  
 But

X.

But for me, my dear Madam, a poor carnal finner,  
 Whose love keeps no Lent, or on rhapsody  
 starves;  
 With the sharp sauce of hunger I fall to my dinner,  
 And take, without scruple, what appetite carves.

XI.

So, my good Lady \*\*\*\*\* , all beauty and merit,  
 You see, tho' I doat on your face and your  
 mind,  
 The devil a grain should I feel of Love's spirit,  
 If looks didn't warrant your shape and your kind,

XII.

With this taste you, perhaps, will upbraid my vile  
 nature :  
 But thus stands the case, and in truth to my  
 theme,  
 Were my mistress the first, both in mind and in  
 feature,  
*Unsex* her, and passion would fade like a dream.



XIII.

As a Poet, indeed, I've a licence for fiction;  
 To dress in heroics the treacherous heart;  
 But take the sad truth, and excuse the plain diction,  
*For Love moves with me in an honest part.*

XIV.

But, perhaps, you may know something more of the  
 matter;  
 Then deign to inform the dull soul of a brute—  
 A hint of your mind would most pleasingly flatter;  
 And to hear it I'd always be *willing and mute.*

Numb. VI.

THE WESTMINSTER TRIUMPH.

I.

**W**HILE Vict'ry smiles on patriot worth,  
And Wisdom shouts applause, Sir,  
What joy to think, amidst our mirth,  
We've fought in Freedom's cause, Sir !

That Liberty our fathers won  
Their sons have well defended ;  
And faithfully that duty done  
Which Heav'n for man intended.

C H O R U S.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
When Kings misuse their station,  
That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
For Freedom's preservation.

See

II.

See with what just, yet jealous pride,  
Our fathers watch'd the Crown, Sir !  
Beneath their eye no King could stride  
Beyond his legal bound, Sir.

They liv'd in loyal duty brave,  
While Freedom mark'd his fway, Sir :  
But when abus'd, that pow'r they gave,  
As quick they took away, Sir.

CHORUS.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
When Kings misuse their station,  
That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
For Freedom's preservation.

III.

Look back, and see what blood hath stain'd  
Our page in civil fight, Sir ;  
When bold Prerogative disdain'd  
A free-born nation's right, Sir !

What



What tears have drown'd this widow'd land  
 When monarchs rul'd by will, Sir !  
 And but for Patriot Virtue's hand,  
 Those tears had trickl'd still, Sir.

C H O R U S.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
 For Freedom's preservation.

IV.

And now, when Britain's drooping head  
 Can scarce withstand its foes, Sir,  
 Shall he, whose talents kingdoms dread,  
 A despot frown depose, Sir ?

Shall Britain's King the Whigs disdain,  
 On whom the empire rests, Sir ?  
 Or, when half's lost, shall Tories reign  
 The guardians of the rest, Sir ?

C H O R U S.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
 For Freedom's preservation.

Shall

V.

Shall public good be thus betray'd  
 In Britain's humblest hour ?  
 A falling nation lose the aid  
 Of Wisdom's amplest pow'r !

In days like these, shall fav'rites dare  
 To rule by court-applause, Sir ?  
 And he who loves the people, bear  
 No sway in Britain's cause, Sir ?

C H O R U S.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
 For Freedom's preservation.

VI.

Forbid it Fate, that freemen born  
 For public zeal be hated !  
 Or bend beneath that prince's scorn  
 Whom Freedom's voice created !

For

For no hereditary right  
 To crowns enslave our vows, Sir;  
 'Tis Freedom gives and binds 'em tight  
 On patriot princes brows, Sir.

C H O R U S.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
 For Freedom's preservation.

VII.

Then be the triumph great and gay  
 That crowns our Champion's glory!  
 Oh, may the blest auspicious day  
 Long live in British story!

May endless honours grace that head  
 In which with partial hand, Sir,  
 Kind Heav'n a chosen light hath shed  
 To save a sinking land, Sir!

C H O R U S.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
 For Freedom's preservation.

F

Numb.



Numb. VII.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

I.

**C**OME prick up your ears, and attend, Sirs,  
a while ;

I'll sing ye a song that shall cause ye to smile :  
'Tis a faithful description of the Tree of Life ;  
So pleasing to ev'ry maid, widow, and wife !

Toll de roll de,  
Toll de roll loll de roll,  
Toll de roll loll de roll,  
Toll de roll loll.

II.

This Tree is a succulent plant, I declare,  
Consisting of only one straight stem, I swear :  
Its top sometimes looks like a cherry in May ;  
At other times more like a filbert, they say.

Toll de roll de, &c.

This

III.

This Tree universal most countries produce;  
But till eighteen years growth 'tis not much fit for  
use;

Then nine or ten inches—for it seldom grows  
higher;

And that's sure as much as the heart can desire.

Toll de roll de, &c.

IV.

But chiefly in Ireland this plant it best thrives;  
As well can be prov'd by their widows and wives.  
Its root is so stout and so strong, I insist on't,  
That most of their natives entirely subsist on't!

Toll de roll de, &c.

V.

Some late Virtuosi, this Tree to improve,  
Have cut off its fruit, call'd the Apples of Love;  
But it never seeds after, nor is worth a louse,  
Unless to make whistles for th' Opera-house!

Toll de roll de, &c.

Its

VI.

Its juice taken inward's a cure for the spleen,  
And removes, in an instant, the sickness call'd Green:  
Tho' sometimes it causes large tumours below,  
They disperse of themselves in nine months, or so.

Toll de roll de, &c.

VII.

It cures all dissensions 'twixt husband and wife,  
And makes her look pleasant thro' each stage of life.  
By a right application it never can fail;  
But then it must always be given IN TAIL.

Toll de roll de, &c.

VIII.

Ye ladies who long for a sight of this Tree,  
Take this invitation,—Come hither to me :  
I have it just now in the height of perfection,  
Adapted for handling, and fit for injection !

Toll de roll de,

Toll de roll loll de roll,

Toll de roll loll de roll,

Toll de roll loll.



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S O N G S,

B Y

CAPTAIN MORRIS.

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Part the Second.

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Numb. I.

THE PLENIPOTENTIARY.

I.

THE Dey of Algiers, when afraid of his ears,  
A messenger sent to our court, Sir ;  
As he knew in our state that the women had weight,  
He chose one well hung for good sport, Sir.  
He search'd the Divan, till he found out a man  
Whose b——ks were heavy and hairy ;  
And he lately came o'er from the Barbary shore  
As the great Plenipotentiary.

\* B

When

II.

When to England he came, with his p—k in a  
 flame,  
 He shew'd it his Hostess at landing,  
 Who spread its renown thro' all parts of the town,  
 As a pintle past all understanding.  
 So much there was said of its snout and its head,  
 That they call'd it the Great Janissary.  
 Not a lady cou'd sleep till she got a fly peep  
 At the great Plenipotentiary.

III.

As he rode in his coach how the whores did  
 approach,  
 And star'd, as if stretch'd on a tenter.  
 He drew ev'ry eye of the dames that pass'd by,  
 Like the sun to its wonderful center.  
 As he pass'd thro' the town not a window was  
 down ;  
 And the maids hurry'd out in the area :  
 The children cry'd, " Look ! there's the man with  
 " the cock !  
 " That's the great Plenipotentiary."

When

IV.

When he came to the court, oh ! what giggle and  
sport !

Such squinting and squeezing to view him !  
What envy and spleen in the women were seen !  
All happy and pleas'd to get to him !  
They vow'd in their hearts, if men of such parts  
Were found on the coast of Barbary,  
'Twas a shame not to bring a whole guard for the  
King,  
Like the great Plenipotentiary,

V.

The dames of intrigue form'd their c—ts in a  
league,  
To take him in turn like good folks, Sir :  
The young misses plan was to catch as catch can :  
And all were resolv'd on a stroke, Sir.  
The cards to invite flew by thousands each night,  
With bribes to his old Secretary :  
And the famous Eclipse was not let for more leaps  
Than the great Plenipotentiary.



## VI.

When his name was announc'd, how the women all  
bounc'd,

And their blood hurry'd up in their faces.

He made them all itch, from the nape to the  
breech,

And their bubbies burst out all their laces.

There was such damn'd work to be f—k'd by the  
Turk,

That nothing their passion could vary :

All the nation fell sick for the Tripoli p—k

Of the great Plenipotentiary.

## VII.

A Duchess, whose Duke made her ready to puke

With fumbling and frigging all night, Sir,

Being first for the prize, was so pleas'd with its size,

That she begg'd to examine its plight, Sir.

" Good God !" cry'd her Grace, " its head's like a  
" mace !

" 'Tis as big as the Corfican Fairy !

" I'll make up, please the pigs, for dry bobs and  
" frigs,

" With the great Plenipotentiary."

And

VIII.

And now to be bor'd by this Ottoman Lord,  
 Came a Virgin far gone in the wane, Sir.  
 She resolv'd for to try, tho' her c—t was so dry,  
 That she knew it must split like a cane, Sir.  
 True it was as she spoke; it gave way at each  
 stroke!  
 But oh! what a woeful quandary!  
 With one terrible thrust her whole piss-bladder  
 burst  
 On the great Plenipotentiary.

IX.

The next to be try'd was an Alderman's bride,  
 With a c—t that would swallow a turtle;  
 Who had horn'd the dull brows of her worshipful  
 spouse,  
 'Till they sprouted like Venus's myrtle.  
 Thro' thick and thro' thin, bowel deep he dash'd in,  
 'Till her c—t froth'd like cream in a dairy;  
 And express'd, by loud farts, she was strain'd in all  
 parts  
 By the great Plenipotentiary.

The

X.

The next to be kiss'd on the Plenipo' list  
 Was a delicate maiden of honour :  
 She scream'd at the sight of his p—k, in a fright,  
 Tho' she had the whole palace upon her.  
 " C—t J—s !" she said, " What a p—k for a  
 " maid !  
 " Do pray, come and look at it, Cary !  
 " But I'll have one drive, if I'm ripp'd up alive  
 " By the great Plenipotentiary."

XI.

Two sisters next came, Peg and Molly by name ;  
 Two ladies of very high breeding ;  
 Resolv'd one should try, while the other stood by  
 To assist in the bloody proceeding.  
 Peg swore by the Gods, that the Mussulman's  
 c—ds  
 Were as big as the buttocks of Mary !  
 Poll cry'd, with a grunt, " he has ruin'd my c—t  
 " With his great Plenipotentiary."

The



XII.

The next for this plan was an old Harridan,  
 Who had swallow'd huge p—ks from each  
 nation,  
 With over much use she had broke up the sluice  
 'Twixt her c—t and its lower relation.  
 He had stuck her so full, that she roar'd like a bull;  
 Crying out she was bursting and weary.  
 So tight was she stuck by this wonderful f—k  
 Of the great Plenipotentiary !

XIII.

All heads were bewitch'd, and all long'd to be  
 stitch'd;  
 Even babies would languish and linger :  
 And the boarding-school miss, as she sat down to  
 p—fs,  
 Drew a Turk on the floor with her finger.  
 For fancy'd delight, how they clubb'd for a shite,  
 To f—g in the school-necessary.  
 And the teachers from France f—k'd *a-la-distance*  
 With the great Plenipotentiary.

Each

XIV.

Each sluice-c—ted bawd, who was knock'd all  
abroad

'Till her premises gap'd like a grave, Sir,  
Hop'd luck was so thick, she should feel the Turk's  
p—k,

As all others were lost in her cave, Sir.  
The nymphs of the stage his fine parts did engage ;  
Made him free of the grand seminary :  
And the gentle Signiors open'd all their back-doors  
To the grand Plenipotentiary.

XV.

Then of Love's sweet reward, measur'd out by the  
yard,

The Turk was most blest of mankind, Sir ;  
For his pow'rful dart went home to the heart,  
Whether stuck in before or behind, Sir.

But no pencil can draw this huge three-tail'd  
Bashaw !

Then each c—t loving cotemporary,  
As cocks of the game, let's drink health to the name  
Of the great Plenipotentiary.

Numb.

Numb. II.

THE AMOURS OF THE GODS.

I.

**E**UROPA's fam'd Bull, as the poets do write,  
For love of the Nymph he swam over the  
sea.

As he turn'd on his back she seiz'd, in a fright,  
On his horn, as she thought ; but 'twas Langolee.

So fast she stuck to it soon bolder her spirits  
grew :

She wish'd that the voyage would continue  
a month or two.

So safe it appear'd, and indeed 'twas so  
pleasant too,

As mounted she rode upon Langolee.



II.

In a visit to Leda Jove took, as a swan,  
And with wings of delight veil'd his favourite she;  
In stroking his neck, which she scarcely cou'd span,  
She made it appear like a Langolee. .

Langolee, with a root that's feather'd well,  
Rigging, it slipp'd into her pouting mossy  
cell ;

While billing and hovering over her, down  
it fell :

She, sighing, cry'd "Ditto, sweet Langolee."

III.

Great Jove, when a courting to Danæ he went,  
Profusely did pour his gold as a fee ;  
But her melting mind on the bag more was bent  
That hangs on the root of his Langolee. .

On that she seiz'd first, and with looks that  
spoke sweet content,

In rapture cry'd out, that such joys she ne'er  
underwent :

"Take your gold, free I give it, when bags  
such as these are sent !

"Too much I can't part with for Langolee."

When

## IV.

When Daphne outftripp'd the fam'd musical God,  
 And, for running too fast was turn'd into a tree,  
 Instead of his lyre, should have shewn her his rod,  
 That's call'd by the name of Sweet Langolee.

'Twas in vain from his fire he thought to  
 have sped,  
 And melted the ice of his favourite she.  
 Had his glory been plac'd round his tail,  
 not his head,  
 She'd have branch'd from the root of his  
 Langolee.

## V.

But Mars, the old soldier, who well knew his trade,  
 When attacking the Nymph that was hatch'd in  
 the sea,  
 He threw by his armour, his shield, and his blade,  
 And thought himself arm'd with his Langolee.  
 He open'd his trenches, platoon'd as he  
 should;  
 First standing, then stooping, he came to his  
 knee:  
 He flew to her breastwork, his footing made  
 good,  
 And enter'd her lines with his Langolee.

Numb. III.

JENNY SUTTON.

I.

COME, charge your glasses, let us raise  
From dull Oblivion's slumber,  
A gallant Nymph well worth your praise,  
Whose feats no man can number !

Her hand, like Cæsar's, grasp'd at all,  
Till Envy mark'd her station ;  
Then, like great Cæsar, did she fall  
By foul assassination !

C H O R U S.

For ev'ry letch alike prepar'd,  
She valu'd not a button ;  
And culls of ev'ry humour shar'd  
The charms of Jenny Sutton !

A bye-



II.

A bye-blow on the world she burst,  
By furious love engender'd;  
Replete with ev'ry spark of lust  
That youth and vigour render'd.

The parish rear'd her, till she knew  
For what her parts were able:  
Away from workhouse then she flew,  
And quarter'd in a stable.

C H O R U S.

For ev'ry letch alike prepar'd, &c.

III.

An empty stall supply'd a bed;  
A dung-heap was her bolster;  
The gin and cheese on which she fed  
She kept within a holster:

A single pin at night let loose  
The robes that veil'd her beauty;  
Then down she lay for public use  
To ev'ry man on duty.

C H O R U S.

For ev'ry letch alike prepar'd, &c.

A brat

IV.

A brat she bore, so mix'd of hues,  
That ev'ry corps deny'd it;  
And whether Greys, or Buffs, or Blues,  
Was never yet decided:

Tho' troops of all sorts did surround  
Her couchee and her levee,  
The piebald imp was never own'd  
By light horse or by heavy.

C H O R U S,

For ev'ry litch alike prepar'd, &c.

V.

Yon pissing-corner was her stand,  
Where, safe from watchman's danger,  
She, undismay'd, stretch'd forth her hand  
To each unbutton'd stranger.

She bar'd their buttocks as they piss'd,  
To lure them with her notions;  
Then, like the Indian eel, did twist  
In strange electric motions.

C H O R U S,

For ev'ry litch alike prepar'd, &c.

Her

VI.

Her voice had such a luscious force,  
That, serpent-like, its graces  
Did make each stranger turn his course,  
And stand to her embraces!

The chords of sympathy did rend  
With notes so soft and thrilling,  
That ravish'd misers stopp'd to spend,  
And fumble for their shilling!

C H O R U S.

For ev'ry letch alike prepar'd, &c.

VII.

Her body was a lott'ry fair,  
To prick where'er it pleas'd you :  
In a—se, or c—t, or mouth, or ear,  
She ev'ry way would ease you.

No qualms or scruples e'er had she,  
Whatever whim besieg'd you :  
Still Jenny's kind assenting plea  
Was, " Well, Sir, I'll oblige you."

C H O R U S.

For ev'ry letch alike prepar'd, &c.

A bum-



## VIII.

A bumper let our fingers thus  
 High raise to her perfection;  
 For Jenny's fingers oft for us  
 Rais'd many a stout erection  
 Within our bosoms let her live  
 In kind retaliation,  
 Whose body did admission give  
 To all the male creation!

## CHORUS.

For ev'ry leech alike prepar'd, &c.

## IX.

Now tune thy trump, immortal Fame,  
 To sounds of lewd sensation!  
 In bursts of bawdy blast her name  
 To ev'ry distant nation!  
 For ever let these climes resound  
 The scene of all her glory!  
 And Horse-Guards Jenny live renown'd  
 The first in Bunter's story!

## CHORUS.

For ev'ry leech alike prepar'd, &c.



